

My First  
Book of Poetry

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## My First Book of Poetry

Tuesday, 09.08.94

### Hidden Love

A love so pure that angels cannot possess  
A love so much warmer than a fiery furnace  
A love so deep, it will not be concealed.  
A love so strange, it can not be revealed.  
A baby's love, a mother's love,  
A stranger's love, a brother's love,  
An animal's love, an angel's love:  
No love is quite so mighty.  
God's love is shining through –  
Such power and passion evoked out of the blue.  
It's building inside, ready to explode,  
Love of such strength can no Samson hold.  
Such reverent, relished rays can not be forlorn.  
Seek it when hidden, allow it to be worn.

Thursday 23.03.95

### Digging up my Grave

Dolores O'Riordan can't understand  
Why WB Yeats just sat there in his grave  
Sinead O'Connor says there has to be  
"Knowledge and understanding  
There has to be remembering  
And then grieving...  
Only then can there be forgiving."  
Dr Arthur Janov would agree.  
Leonard Cohen says he can't forget  
That he doesn't remember what.  
Bono still hasn't found what he's looking for!

Andy Bell submits to allow running to the sun.  
What if it's only a falling star?  
Kurt Cobain wants to be raped by his friend.  
The Violent Femmes say  
"There's nothing worth living for tonight".  
Bjork says she needs to play dead  
"To curl up inside (her) private tortures"  
Dr Arthur Janov would disapprove.  
Primal Scream "want to get loaded  
And have a good time".  
All Sheryl Crow wants to do is have some fun!

I know why WB Yeats sat in his grave  
Until his body finally followed him there  
After spending his life writing poetry  
That relieved the pain of losing Maud Gonne.  
My soul lies in my grave too.  
A whole year has now passed  
But I still write of running to the sun  
And I still listen to musical lyrics  
In the hope they may set me straight.  
Still I read books, words are my fix  
As my body drags behind en route to the grave.

09.08.94

### **I want...**

I want to see your face, simple but enchanting  
I want to hear your voice, the tales it breathes  
I want to hold your hand, gently and with care  
I want to feel your fingers and touch your hair  
I want to hug you so tight, we can melt together  
I want to look into your eyes and feel the fear  
I want to hear your laugh as you mock and tease  
I want to sense your warmth and carress your cold  
I want to give all I can to your perfect self  
I want to show you the love I bear within  
I want nothing else, all I want is you.

### **When I'm With You**

There are times when I feel I am  
Walking on thin ice over an endless hole.  
As I cross it, secured by thick rope,  
I sometimes slip into that bottomless hollow  
But the turgid rope holds tough  
And I clamber back to safety.  
Bruises start appearing –  
There are never any scars.

More usually though, I feel as one  
Breathing through the same gills  
In the pure water of this ocean.  
The waves beat rhythmically to this bliss.  
My heart vibrates vigorously in this harmony.  
My adoration of all present is nurtured.  
I suck the sea's breast and swallow its milk.  
Delectable, my buds growing,  
Soon all is ripe – Heaven.

Thursday 17.02.94

### **There**

Who will be there?  
Will anyone be there?  
My family will be there.  
I need reassurance.  
I need this method.  
I need my family.

September, 1993

### **Life**

Up, down. Up down.  
In, out. In, out.  
First a smile, then a frown  
After that, an incessant shout –  
Pain, anger, torture all come out.

### **Worry**

A nervous sensation up the spine  
Irritating hours pass by  
Soon to find out all is fine  
I keep worrying and don't know why.

### **Mum**

Are you safe, are you okay?  
Why do I feel this way?  
Give me a hug, show me some love  
Sort things out as you do so well.

Monday, 20.12.93

### **Tonight**

Tonight, love returned  
Through loving others, I realised that I still love you  
The night – cold and clear, revitalised it  
The video – vivacious, sexual relived it.

I see you, quiet as this night,

Full of violence and rage,  
Carrying unbearable tortures.  
I reach out my hand to catch your grasp  
But the night pulls you away.  
Yet the shrinking stars still shine through the clouds.

Cast away those tortures,  
Forget the pressures –  
Relax.  
Allow me to show you love, true love  
Not violence, discomfort or sorrow  
But peace, beauty and undying love.

I wish upon those stars that I can heal your heart.

28.12.93

### **Manipulation**

A square room  
A square person  
What am I doing?

The music blows my mind.  
My hands are numb  
Weird feelings through my bones  
I wish for some untold love

I can not think  
Ye can not feel  
Am I happy?

Are these my friends?  
What am I doing here?  
I have lost it.

### **Barf!**

Strange feelings in my stomach –  
Churning, swirling – I feel sick!  
My throat is stuffed with it –  
Gulping, knotting, strangling me.

I have got to be released  
It is up to me! No one else –  
It's my hopeful, hopeless decision.  
Yes! I must get rid of this nausea.

September 1993

### **Desperado!**

Confusion and tension build –  
You do not understand yourself or your actions.  
Your mind is estranged,  
Your thoughts speak a foreign language.  
You wish you had happiness and self-satisfaction.  
You wish for too much –  
The robins will never come to you:  
No hope of success.  
Rejected and insecure, you live another day  
But why? To see if night will ever end?  
More hurt and torture awaits your foolish being  
Fuck it all!  
Those who pass through the doors will be ultimately affected –  
Their knowledge will be unbounding  
And their misery – infinite.  
I long for a remedy to cure my fucked up mind.  
Help me break free.  
I feel like I am clinging to a twig  
Depending on it for security and safety –  
But it's giving way, I'm falling.  
Somebody throw me a life belt or catch me!  
I'm desperate!  
I wish for the wisdom of the ages,  
To understand and help anyone I can.  
I feel useless and ignorant.  
Will I ever gain my greatest desires?  
Will my strength fail?  
God, grant me the power of my convictions.

Tuesday, 8th February 1994

### **The Injustice of Being**

Manipulation – cold sweats.  
Destruction of beauty, innocence.  
Stealing what is good,  
What breathes good, from the good.

Cruelty and treacherous acts  
Enforced on others –  
Where is justice?  
Where is love?

Maintaining what little love there is

Is the only route to survival –  
To overcome such horrors  
That prevail in every dimension of being.  
[But how?]

Wednesday, 9th of February, 1994

### **My Inspiration**

I thank your beautiful, delicate person.  
Unconsciously, you have given me a purpose.  
My admiration of your strength and determination is indescribable.  
It is as immense as the universe –  
The unattainability, all the more enticing:  
The simplicity, reassuring.  
My undying love and appreciation goes with you always.

Saturday, 19th March, 1994

### **Masculinity**

A female locked in such a state -  
Jealous of all of them  
Wishing I could show it.  
Total acceptance is what I lust;  
Absolute ease in their company.  
My self consciousness drives me wild.  
I've let and continue to let everyone I know down!  
Loving them all so deeply,  
A certain few especially.  
Why can't I show it when I'm myself?  
Why do I have to be someone else  
To fulfill my desires, my needs?  
I wish I could show the love I feel  
Even by a simple hug or kiss  
But no, I am weak.  
I have an inner weakness  
That prevents all the feelings contained  
Within me from being put on display –  
I want to disclose them.  
It would be so much better.  
My character prevents me -  
I am a chicken without wings!

Tuesday, 29th March 1994

### **Table Quiz**

The discomfort is unbounding  
I need the cushions of life  
I smell the impure flowers  
He is a slave to them all.  
Why does he allow himself to be  
Succumbed to such victimisation?  
A man he is unknowing of the forces pushing him,  
Causing such confusion, such disruption –  
A man locked in his ways but not the right ways  
I would love to help him  
But he will never change.

We are a family divided so much –  
Our broken bonds are irreparable  
We have all grown so wrong  
Happiness, unified pleasure  
Can never happen properly again.

Saturday, 30th April, 1994

### **Beauty**

Catch beauty in a precious mesh  
And bear it with light limbs  
Carefully hold it, don't be rough.  
Love it eternally, love it firmly.  
Replace rough rigidity  
With smooth grace.  
Transfer fear into respect,  
Cowardice into confidence.  
Cherish this child of porcelain.  
Polish this piece until it shines  
Like the sun on the running river.  
Gurgling, glistening radiantly.  
Dive into this bath of milk.  
Drink it dry. Feel the power within.  
Breathe out the vapour, sense the sunlight.  
Wander in this world without worry.  
Roam in this royal garden.  
See this life. Touch it.  
Live this life.



## **Fear of School**

Those that make you quiver  
Who study night and day.  
Those that make you shiver  
Who lecture about your ways.  
Those that make you tremble  
Who talk non stop of IT.  
Those that make you crumble  
Who fill your knickers with shit!

If they do have to feel the pressure  
Why do they have to throw it at you?  
Sure, don't they realise  
You all just want to get it through?

## **The Night**

A busy bar, frivolous friends  
All bunched into a small room.  
Standing, sitting, leaning on one another.  
Long queues for the toilet.

I espy him there in the corner.  
My heart thumps – goose bumps.  
He approaches – it's a dream.  
Flirtatious gestures, warmth.

I am carried away to another world  
Full of strangers all welcoming me  
Strange events unfold – indifference.  
Moods swing – I gain power.

Hugging, carressing, supporting.  
The power of woman is alive.  
I change moods, soothing him.  
Creating rolling tides of love.

Soon all anger is wiped away  
And replaced with jokes, slagging.  
The night moves with grace -  
Vibes of love always winning.

Compensation point being passed.  
Love reigning, overpowering.  
The bedroom scene – another dream?  
Romance, fondliness – love?

The ultimate is beign portrayed –

2 bodies becoming one.  
Yet never one – frustration.  
Man is struggling for his laurel.

Woman unwilling – numbing.  
Her spirit is separating from her body.  
Man is fighting, battling, losing:  
Woman throws in the towel.

The remnants are a nightmare  
She is running away, scared, shivering.  
Escape is not kind to her –  
Emulsifying her in everlasting shame.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

### **An Ode To All Clementines**

Hast ye e'en a little compassion, a little comprehension?  
Nay! Ye are immature and ignorant imbeciles –  
Nought but embryos desperately attempting to improvise this life.

Hear ye all and hear ye well  
Neither piety nor credence matter  
Merely acknowledge and accept  
And flap thine ears perhaps?  
Be somewhat sensible – perceive!  
The story's essence is insignificant  
But the story's moral is invaluable.

Thus listen carefully –  
Respond and react.  
Rather than dismiss,  
Accept and acquire.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

### **Success!**

Bang, beat, batter the box.  
Kick, knock, clatter the cage.  
The shrinking gap disappears between the bars.  
The crow's nest is visible but inaccessible.

Don't be distressed. Keep trying!  
Project oneself onto a higher plane.  
Step over the summit to the other side.  
Touch all the good but retain what you have.

It is safe to seize success now  
But beware of the sour cream!  
Drink only the fresh milk.

Now your resources are sufficient –  
Manipulate them delicately.  
Whack! Smash! Bash! all bad.  
Hug, kiss and caress all good.  
When all is done, lie in your royal bed.  
Rest long your tired, tortured, peaceful head.

Tuesday, 3rd May, 1994

### **A Prayer of Thanks**

Tales of turmoil, evocative events –  
Woeful weeping, tearful laughing.  
Pain, anguish, cruel blackness.  
My throat is blocked.  
My eyes are swelling.  
My head is locked.

Estranged from all ye ignorant imbeciles,  
Confused by my impressionable intellect.  
Alone with this frustrated feeling –  
Until you rescue me from my delusion.

Sweet psalms I sing in your praise,  
Sweet wine I drink in your glory.  
The beauty queen has saved me,  
The goddess has answered my prayers.

Tuesday, 7th June, 1994

### **Waiting**

Sitting in the armchair beside the window.  
Glaring, staring through the pane.  
Watching, hoping for some swallow to come.  
Alas, tis all in vain!

Tuesday 26th April, 1994

### **SHIT!**

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck the shit!  
How can one be happy

When there is so much shit?  
A duck that cannot swim,  
A bird that cannot fly,  
A dog that cannot run,  
A baby that cannot cry.  
So much shit! So much shit!  
Cruelty! Cruelty!  
My heart aches,  
My stomach turns,  
My head spins.  
Calm down. Stay still.  
Deep breathing – Hold on!  
Aagh! – It's all gone!

Monday, 20.06.94

Wandering through the streets  
One of many fleets  
Who end up all alone  
In an empty public park.  
Splashes, trickles, dribbles.  
Slipping, sliding, falling.  
Down, down. Lower, lower.  
My head hits the floor.  
Battered, bruised, now bandaged.  
Strange faces become familiar.  
Lost hopes become so dear.  
The park bench becomes home.  
Nothing but my iced cake  
Bought in an unoccupied café.  
Concrete slabs beneath my feet.  
Misty rain spitting on my face.  
The only reliable thing is this bench –  
Even winos have somewhere to be!  
Not I, I sit all alone –  
Let it be closing time!

20.06.94

All I ever do is wait  
And watch transient life  
Pass the time of day  
And night and day again.  
Another wall is built  
To replace the one before.  
But it's even uglier  
And much, much higher.  
When this shall crumble,

The rubble left behind will be huge.  
Tremendous strength will be required  
To lift these bricks of lead.  
Stay standing! Don't fall!  
I really, really love this wall.

Thursday, 21.07.94

### **Removed but Moved**

I stand alone in the crowd.  
I know no one, I see many.  
Remorse, regret fill my guts.  
Apart from such grief, am I  
But still I feel something.  
Alien to the deceased, am I  
But not alien to his person's ripples  
That constantly spread out from him  
Though his soul has departed the earth.  
The huge attendance demonstrates his power.  
One man's presence has proved almighty.  
The effects of his being will outlive him.  
I greatly admire a stranger  
Who I did not know and now never will.  
Indirectly, I feel I did know him  
For his ripples shall never fade.

20.07.94

### **The Funeral Home**

Large crowds stand around  
All having come to pay their respects.  
A long queue rises from the door.  
People move mechanically inwards,  
Fulfilling their duties with handshakes –  
In one door and out the other.  
Groups collect together and wait.  
Silence breaks their banter –  
Slowly, young men in suits walk out  
With a wooden box atop their shoulders.  
All hold solemn faces and bow heads.  
As the coffin passes, signs of the cross are made.  
People shuffle away as the hearse's door is shut.  
Car engines are ignited,  
Next stop – the church.

20.07.94

### **Awkwardness**

The girl attends for a purpose  
The girl intends to help and console  
The girl attempts to accomplish this  
The girl becomes tongue-tied  
And curls up in her uselessness  
And runs away in her helplessness.

December, 1994

The cosmic forces fight among themselves,  
Desperately seeking to overcome one another.  
Similar traits thrash and throttle  
Like broken bottles whose shattered  
Pieces are sticking to and stinging at  
The other's limbs, afraid of  
One another's image –  
Opposing but all the same –  
Too alike to bear each to each  
On the one piece of glass  
In the unity of these universal forces  
That revolve in these ever-spiralling  
Orbitals throughout this ever-changing  
Galaxy of disputing desires.

Saturday, January 14th, 1994

### **An admission**

I am a manic depressive  
Though I like to ignore it  
Sometimes I love everything  
Sometimes I detest everything  
Sometimes I have all the answers  
Sometimes I have all the questions  
I can be the best person in the world  
I can be the most pathetic person  
I am the good or the bad  
But never the in-between.  
I am the educated, the ignorant,  
The cold, the warm.  
I am a compulsive individual  
I do everything to extremes  
I build up obsessions until  
They shatter before my eyes.

And then I find another way  
To enact my compulsive objectives  
But I always hit rock bottom  
And then, alternately approach ecstasy  
In this crazy circle called life.  
I am a manic depressive.

December, 1994

### **Straight-jacketed**

My hands are twisted about my body  
Locked into these never-ending sleeves  
White – the colour of insanity,  
The ever present energy within me.  
Briefly pink, but never red.  
Usually dazzlingly, brilliant white –  
The colour of boredom, of isolation,  
The colour of loneliness, of being astray.

My shoulders lack the flexibility of  
Dislocating and dismissing.  
My legs kick for my arms, leaving  
The disentanglement unachieved,  
Not even almost attained,  
Not even loosened.

The rushing red is blocked  
Unable to penetrate that wicked white  
It can not be soaked up – incompatible  
To this stainless white – whose closest  
Companion has proved impotent.

How weak fiends shoot rifles  
That are mere potato guns  
That which 4 year olds know of  
Their harmlessness.

Your meagre wear and tear will take  
Millenia before the persecution of  
This colourlessly collaged cloth.

### **When I'm With You – Stanza 1.5**

Sometimes  
While I am hanging  
Off the edge  
With arms outstretched,

I look up  
Appealing for help but  
In your eyes, I can only see  
Contempt and disgust and then  
I lose my grip and  
Slip further down –  
Down into the darkness until  
Finally fear gives way and  
Love comes to my aid and  
Helps me clamber to the top again  
Where I unsteadily remain  
For a while.

Saturday, 14.02.95

### **Black Friday Activity**

Contemplating suicide  
Is an interesting pastime  
Hours pass with confused  
Thoughts and feelings  
Shooting through your soul  
Enabling you to view  
Life without your presence  
And prophesise how it'd be.  
One can even mime the  
Whole exercise by  
Gathering pills together,  
Holding a gun to the head  
And then the heart  
Or selecting a favourite  
Branch from all the trees  
In the world to hang from.  
There's much to ponder on  
But if you are a chicken,  
Don't bother wasting  
Your time, kidding  
Yourself about doing it.  
It's not a highly  
Regarded hobby.

### **My Daddy**

“My Daddy's got a better job than  
Your Daddy” – two children argue  
And I, I smugly smile and think  
To myself how nobody has got  
A better Daddy than my Daddy.



“My Daddy has \$3000 in the bank”  
one says in a desperate attempt to  
Reclaim some status but I, I know  
My Daddy has more money than that.

My Daddy must be the best.  
What could two children on a bus  
Know when I know best?

Then I think – I fight with  
My Daddy. We always argue.  
My Daddy thinks I have no self-  
Esteem. I am a disappointment...  
But, but, but my Daddy is the  
Best Daddy in the world.

Tuesday, December 27th, 1994

### **Parties**

Couple after couple  
Engage and re-engage  
The one bedroom  
Staining sheets  
Losing grace and  
Parting afterwards  
Like mated animals  
To one another's homes  
Where one half will  
Huddle up  
And worry  
About what could happen  
And all under the pretence  
Of a petty vow of genuine concern when  
Soon all fraud will be realised  
Until the next time.

Wednesday 22.03.95

### **A Chained Will**

Destiny!  
The Will of God!  
Fate!  
The Beaten Track!  
I plod along  
Convinced  
Doubtful

Willing to succumb  
To Providence  
Free Will?  
Do I choose?  
Do I but think I choose?  
Tricks  
All are psychological tricks  
Pretence  
I pretend to move  
But am chained  
To the Will of God,  
To Fate -  
My track is well beaten!

Thursday, 29th December, 1994

### **Tug-of-War**

I am a rope  
Tied to 14 bodies,  
Separated into 2 sides of seven –  
Seven struggling bodies  
Combined to form one:  
One against one  
With me in between  
Being pushed and pulled  
As the 14 bodies grope at me,  
Cling to me,  
Seeking to claim me  
For their own.

One is overpowering the other –  
I am becoming a colony!  
But suddenly I am reclaimed  
And lose any hope of an identity  
As the 14 blasted bodies  
Grab at my fraying being  
In this tiresome Tug-of-War.

Friday, 30th December, 1994

### **“I’m still alive”**

I would be dead  
I should be dead  
If I was not tied  
I would have re-tried  
To end all

In order to start again.

I live for an answer  
To the ongoing puzzle  
Revolving in my mind  
I want to die –  
I am already half dead:  
The physical is all that remains –  
The internal, the soul is ice cold.  
I hate my friends and family  
Because they keep me on hold.  
I want to leave go  
And burn in my own acid  
And try hopelessly again  
To be a proper whole  
And not this stagnant refuse  
I have become.

Wednesday, 11th of January, 1995

**Shoo!**

Go away you fiendish swine – shoo!  
How far does my spear have to plunge through you?  
You furiously fiddle with my inner being  
Letting me believe I am unleashed at last  
And then you return with a vengeance  
While I have been silently swallowing  
My new-found glorious release  
For those few, fleeting moments.  
You are resurrecting a heartless attack  
Retaliating, clutching at my tender back,  
Tearing the skin, breaking the bone,  
Forcing me to stumble from my new track.

I had calmly laid down my arms  
Determined to restart away from harm  
But you prick, poke, jab and stab  
And enter me like a broken bottle  
Up and up, higher and higher  
Slashing every thread of my lyre  
Causing chaos, crashing, malfunctioning,  
Leaving the dregs inside under your control.  
And I wait, seeking your next command  
To conduct cruelty as you demand.  
Reluctant to realise why my spear is stained  
I yeild from the struggle to sing the refrain  
Till I refortify my castle, restock ammunition  
Return tactics, rethink my strategy,

Reenact my life and reconquer my soul.

Monday, 16.01.95

### **Looking**

What is he doing?  
Why is he doing it?  
Is he looking at me?  
Or am I merely looking at him?  
And is he only looking at me  
To catch my look?  
A novelty that I should look at him –  
Or does he look out of pity  
As do all the others?  
Watching me, eying my every movement,  
Trying to suss out my very mystery of being?

Look at me because you like to do so  
Or never look at me again –  
Because I love looking at you  
And love thinking you are looking at me too.  
Looks like those are all I have left  
To keep me looking on.

16.07.95

### **January**

Tis the season of depression  
Fa-la-la-la-lah-la-lah-lah-lah  
Tis the season when obsession  
Is no longer ve-ry viable  
Tis the season of depression  
Fa-la-la-la-lah-la-lah-lah-lah!

Sunday, 8th January, 1995

### **Baby in my Arms**

A proud mother throws her baby boy at me,  
For me to hold and share in her marvelling.  
I turn to stone – unprepared for such a reward;  
The little living bag of potatoes is all-knowing,  
He can sense my awkward alienation from him.  
The tension in my hands flows upwards;  
The vibrations from me cause him to cry

As he returns converse feelings of pandemonium  
Longing for the warm, sturdy hands of his loving Mum  
Who comes to my rescue with his bottle of milk  
And the creature silently sucks on his prize  
Content with this momentary substitute  
And I pray that I could be of importance  
Instead of a sculpted stone with arms outstretched,  
That maybe I would one day be the real thing  
To some precious infant I might breed.

Sunday, 02.04.95

### **A Case of Life or Death!**

Once upon a time  
I took a trip  
And got my mind  
Intertwined  
(Or so I thought)  
With another's mind.

The minutes were endless  
And the hours stalled  
Until an eternity passed  
And my mind was still  
Not mine anymore  
So both minds panicked.

Insane or not  
I became desperate  
To release my mind,  
To retrieve my  
Individuality -  
So I entered the kitchen.

Destined for the knife  
To end all life  
I was distracted  
By the kettle  
And decided that  
I'd prefer a cup of tea!

Saturday 1st April, 1995

### **Silently Bound**

You wish for me to think no further  
To cease relations with Mr Analysis

What then is there for me to do?  
Where then can my route forward be?  
I know no other way of existence  
And am repulsed at submitting to thought's resistance

I do as you desire, as ever I try  
Blanketing my mind, burning my thoughts  
Destroying a lifetime's literature for you  
Leaving behind no evidence of delusion  
My body is free of my written word  
Composed amidst months of confusion  
All to be incinerated at your request  
To ensure my intention, to set your mind at rest

Perhaps the fire has set me free too  
Free from lies but still I'm tied to you  
Still shaking at your fiery outburst  
Accused am I of having your name cursed  
Hoping it will not lead to my degradation  
Praying you will see the lies and manipulation

I'll silently walk with Mr Analysis  
But I swear to be dumb, not even will I hiss!

Friday, 31st March 1995

### **Pain**

Pain grows within us all  
Repressed mostly  
But breathing within us,  
Breeding within us  
In crisis, it emerges  
In the form of confusion  
Disguised by evil  
Inflouescantly  
But it's goddamned ugly  
Combatting our souls -  
The rulers of goodness.  
Our souls are pure  
But pain contaminates them  
And evil masks them.

When evil is exposed  
Only pain remains  
And suffering is endured  
Punishment is exercised  
Justice is made  
And truth is seen

Unarguable truths  
Agonising truths  
Knowledgeable truths  
Learned truths  
To overcome pain  
By revealing buried traumas  
And so by enduring agony  
Truth conquers.

Monday 27th March 1995

### **Dying to Live**

I live each day  
Battling with death  
Ever since trauma  
Was resurrected.  
Inside, I'm convinced of life  
Because I've tasted death  
And wish no longer to tango  
On the threshold of it's desire.  
Each day I hope  
To move towards life  
And to embrace  
It's potential so good.  
Inside I have the mouldy misery  
Having seen the pigeon being plucked  
Having heard her cooing disappear  
Enough misery to make doors be opened.  
Each night I whimper  
In the pigeon's agony  
Hoping feathers can grow  
A little here, a little there.  
Inside, I sense the joyful energy  
That keeps that door pulled shut  
Though I meddle with the doorknob  
Wishing it could kindly come off.  
I live each night  
In the wake of death  
Ever since agony  
Was resurrected.

Tuesday 18.03.95

### **Studying the Kettle**

My mind wanders over and beyond  
The books spread out at my desk

I wrestle to rescue my concentration  
And return to the world of education  
My thoughts have no interest in trivia  
That envelopes life with ignominious information  
This has no appeal to my mind's eye  
Who is yearning only for specific beauties  
While watching the kettle of love boil  
Though it hardly even simmers.  
Those tiny bubbles are my mind's magnets -  
Little activity causing massive attraction  
I ask not for such discrimination  
Loading me down with heaps of books  
That bring me a scarcity of satisfaction.  
Forced to prepare for a "stable" future  
By overfilling me for one examination?

Friday, 31st of March, 1995

### **Manslaughter**

I have done wrong  
Hoping to ease my pain  
I have been wronged  
And it's hard to remain sane  
I am guilty of innocence  
But not ignorant of guilt  
To murder, I plea my innocence  
But to manslaughter, I shamefully admit.

Monday, 27th March, 1995

### **Liquorice Ice Cream**

Deprived of conversation  
Forced into alienation  
A look of acknowledgement  
Brings estrangement  
A word of consolation  
Would be divine inspiration  
For a bead of water  
Sliding down my cheek

The mouth is shut  
The tongue dangles  
The curtain is drawn  
The window strangled

Oh! To lick the ice cream



To taste the cold sugared milk  
To crunch the crumbling wafer  
To feel a content stomach

Oh! To vomit up the liquorice  
To brush the black teeth clean  
To redden the darkened tongue  
To feel a vacuumed heart so serene

Tied by inhibitions  
Knotted by insecurities  
Clothing my circulation  
Warping my isolation  
If the waters could only break  
I'd vow not to die on the stake!

Wednesday 29.03.95

### **A Free Me**

You and me  
Watching TV  
In the crowded bar  
One touch from you  
Enthuses me  
Conducting electricity  
I can keep cheering  
Our team on  
Refilled with hope  
I can offer courage  
And support every attempt  
For Ireland to score  
Despite a bad performance,  
A disappointing result  
Because one touch from you  
Brought back optimism  
Reinvoked enthusiasm  
And liberated me!

Friday, 24.03.95

### **Screaming**

A fortnight has passed since we last spoke  
A book's certain theory sedated me for a week  
Fading slowly and very surely out of sight  
Bringing back the intensity of that overwhelming feeling  
Blocked very weakly by that unarguable theory

Until now, today, it again consumes my soul  
The stiff cramps in my back have returned  
Uncontrollable, swallowing up my soul  
And again anchoring my sorry spirit  
To the rigid rock of your indifferent being

What words spilled an awkward silence on you  
That I spoke only to reassure you  
In the hope that I could content you  
And claim you and keep you near?  
I cherished our uncomfortable reunion  
When I could partake in your conversation  
And meekly mingle in your company  
Content, my soul was, of a charitable reward  
To linger along next to you in time  
And you too seemed happily unperturbed!

What then have I done wrong?  
Why then do you run from me?  
To again leave me wretchedly alone  
And again my heart bleeds at your loss  
Again my soul stoops to sorrow and woe  
Again I am pulled, paralysed behind  
The traces of your beautiful being  
To keen and moan inwardly: SCREAMING!

Wednesday, 22.03.95

### **Losing My Grip**

My tightening grip  
Around your shadow  
Is hurting my hand

To squeeze so hard  
Around an abstraction  
On my soul, stings bad.

Embarrassment growing  
Answers are owing  
Me, a release of pain

Requited emotionally  
Unrequited physically  
I ask you to explain.

My blood-drained hand  
Is running out of time  
Before it is squeezed right off!

Wednesday 22.03.95

### **Fog**

Aware now, I am  
Of why such grievous  
Helplessness arose within  
Of why a broken heart  
Became a shattered one  
By one real but meaningless  
Touch, one cloudy night

Sick, still, I am  
At your growing distance  
That was so near,  
At your awkwardness  
Of knowing you are so dear  
To me, a stifled embryo,  
Gasping for one deep breath  
That will bring back  
The flickering light  
Which illuminated  
One choking, cloudy night

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## **EARLY WRITINGS**

### **8 hours**

Energy rushes,  
Blood gushes to the brain  
You're talking to the trees  
You're floating with the breeze  
Energy rushes  
You are insane  
You can not stop moving  
You want to fly high  
You want to follow the clouds  
And reach the sun

Your friends don't understand you  
How could they? They are ignorant.  
But how could they possibly understand you  
For you are not you anymore

Your means don't satisfy your needs  
You want more –

Power

You want to escape from Narnia  
The beasts are clawing at your back  
“Open the Door, Open the Door,  
LET ME OUT”

8 hours more

Sunday 05.09.93

### **Insanity**

Twisted images leaking through your mind  
Tension builds, there is no hope  
You are solely right, they are all wrong  
This last image, you can't cope.

### **Help!**

There is not state more tragic  
Than that of one who wants to be no more  
Guilt and self-hate spread like bacteria  
Through the mind.  
Soon rationality is suffocated  
And tragedy occurs.

05.09.93

### **Pressure**

It surrounds your whole person  
It feels 10 metres thick  
It is cold, so very cold.

In Summer, it becomes more dense  
In Winter, it becomes thicker still  
It soon engulfs your whole body

There are no exits, you will never be free  
Trapped in this place with no one around.  
You see people but you can't reach them.  
They seek but you will not be found.  
It builds until you explode.

## **Love**

Beautiful but incomprehensible  
Friendly but insensible  
I wait but it never comes  
I'll keep waiting till the dawn  
When it comes, I'll throw it away  
I'm too weak to allow it to stay.  
Dangerous but adorable,  
Dark and dreadful.

## **Loyalty**

To be loyal is to be prepared to sacrifice yourself and your enjoyment to pacify somebody else. It's a bitch.  
Without loyalty, however, there is no one.  
So I'd prefer to be loyal.

## **Friends**

Friends are people you are prepared to respect and be loyal to through thick and thin.  
You need them.

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Monday 20.03.95

## **Blah!**

A thousand nothings enter my mind  
One for everything, another for something  
But all I feel is zero to nothing

Should I release a signal of distress?  
A laugh, a cry, an SOS or a flare?  
So that there is something that with nothing can compare?

Not empty, not full, not satisfactory  
Not drunk, not sober, not even merry  
Not sweet, not sour, not nearly ripe either

Perhaps desperate, perhaps hungry  
Perhaps anxious, perhaps relaxed  
Perhaps something, anything but nothing!

A thousand nothings must produce something!  
Or something will have to evolve from nil –

To eat, drink, smoke or to pop a pill?

Clear the head of some deathly nothings  
And seize a substitute saneful something  
Like a book, a video, the radio or a CD

Something dervies from nothing to become everything  
Deja-vu! Perhaps I'll take up the art of voodoo!  
Guess I'll just retire to the old programme

My something will be nothing  
And my nothing will be everything  
Now, isn't that something!

Monday, 20.03.95

### **Primal Pains**

My Mum's sister was pulled naked from the sea  
Whe Mum was 7 months pregnant with me  
And responsible for 4 others under the age of 7  
Recklessly playing on the dangerous sea's haven

Mum was blamed and condemned for neglect  
By her blind sister and denial-ridden mother  
For an act of will beyond anyone's control  
And so Mum too wished for the release of death

Inside my mother, I was growing still  
Circulating the same blood and nerves as she  
Sensing the same grief, torture and despair  
Collecting tonnes of her treacherous torments

Two months later, I was ready for out  
I signalled to Mum but she wished to do nought  
I struggled and pushed at her inner walls  
But she was numbed by agony and wouldn't relent

I begged and I pleaded to be released  
And when I finally was, I was already lost  
Destined to face a cursed life of uphill struggles  
Unable to remember what I couldn't forget

Traumatised before birth, during birth too  
And then neglected of my infantile needs  
To feel loved, understood and comfortably warm  
And not all alone in cruel, cold confusion

Primal pains that were never endured

But pushed aside to the back of my mind  
Though carried along 18 years of my life  
Causing chaos in many a little strife

Always feeling that something is missing  
Something that made every right seem wrong  
To finally learn that's all due to kissing  
That was never received when but an infant's sole need

I'm still that infant, empty by neglect  
But now learned in its unavoidable occurrence  
Because I know though it's hard to reflect  
All can be forgotten by its painful remembrance.

Wednesday 15.03.95

### **To Pop or Not to Pop!**

I have turned 180 degrees  
I long for a 360 degree revolution  
It may never happen  
I want it to happen  
I can only try to help it happen

I feel change  
I want change  
I can only help it occur  
Or it shall never happen

All the strength I can muscle up  
Will be required to carry out this hope  
It is a conviction  
I need it to be a decision  
But that can only be felt afterwards  
I want to feel that afterwards  
So I can believe I have some strength  
Real strength to make me progress  
To make me feel strong  
To make me believe in myself  
I want to have a self  
A self that I can recognise  
Tha will cause littel harm  
But that will still be fallible  
Though not quite as weak  
I wan to have a belief in my own strength

If I pop now  
I will not be happy later  
I will feel weak

Useless  
Without convictions  
Without a self

To pop or not to pop  
That is the question!

Tuesday 14th March, 1995

### **Drought**

These eyelids are wrung dry  
Though tears are bursting their frames  
Cold, cruel, dark sensations  
Slumbering amidst the savagery  
But salt is absorbing the release  
Of streams, rivers, brooks  
Of an outrageous waterfall  
Tumbling, fiery passions  
Revolving and swirling  
Mixing, absorbing, crushing  
The stony, unsteady interior  
But still, all is dry  
The waters do not burst  
The frames do not crack  
Tears remain an intangible resource  
Unknown to sand and gravel  
Opposed to thought and emotion  
Alien to oceanic lifestyles  
Aware only of dry cognitions  
Who thirst for a dreadful drought  
In an uninhabited desert.

Tuesday, 14th March, 1995

### **My Friend**

Last time such wretched feeling arose  
I accepted all the blame for wrongdoing  
Now these thoughtless innuendos resurrect themselves  
But guilt is locked away from my mind.  
You fool me with your half-hearted broadmindedness  
You can see no further than Thomas himself  
I can not train you to swim in truth  
I can not stop choking on disdainful disgust  
Though aware you (nor I) are to blame  
I just cannot tolerate these tormenting differences  
From a distance, you have passively listened



But now an active member, you only hear  
If only I could force open your inner ear  
To think, I feel sick, at losing a friend so dear.

Thursday 16.03.95

### **Our Journey**

Together  
But apart  
We journey along  
The road less travelled

Our mirroring images  
Reflected on us, by us  
Joined our souls  
But our bodies remain separate  
By our unique experiences  
To overcome our struggles alone  
But because of one another

Individually  
But together  
We edge towards grace  
Along the road less travelled

Tuesday, 14th March, 1995

### **Butterfingers!**

The uplifting inner joy  
Is slipping away  
Like melting butter  
From my fingers  
Leaving only  
A sticky residue  
Of false happiness  
On my weary soul

Tired, I am  
Of counting joys  
Fatigued, I am  
By misconceptions  
Wasted, I feel  
For having been so misunderstood  
Dying, my saliva-less tongue licks at  
The dripping, energiless butter.

Sunday 12.03.95

### **My Fringe**

Behind my fringe, there lurks my past.  
There my impediments lie chiselled into my skin  
Where they used to uncontrollably flourish  
On my unknown, spreading like wildfire  
And I used to allow these parasites to grow  
Against my will, to eat and damage me,  
To curse and damn me, to leave me for the hounds,  
Shivering in my snare, wallowing in my despair.

Now, the answer remains unattainable  
But I have discovered a suitable question  
In order to dismiss those carnivorous creatures  
And to unveil their cantankerous behaviour  
Not to the flies or the bees anymore  
But to the source of their unruly games.  
Yes, the water here is far from pure  
But now, I can peacefully drink this flavourless cure.

Tuesday, 28.02.95

### **Poetic Lies**

Cast away that selfish shield  
Held up by poetic lies  
Walk through the gates of that field  
Away from those stagnant cries

You pretend to be incapable  
Of reacting to the truth of feeling  
That's one more pathetic fable  
To hinder your heart from reaching

Your melted ice, now refrozen,  
Is back on your glacial boulder  
I cease not now, what's undertaken  
To knock that chip from your shoulder

Nurse your wounds while you may  
Though they shall continue to fester  
Pick those scabs, make them bleed  
For yesterday's pain, to readminister

Your feline friend shall lick your scars  
While you shall smugly smile my way

But you know I know that your fears  
Are internally growing every day

I will not be your enemy  
Nor wish to be an intruder  
I tried once to be your friend  
But you trembled at my power

I have little fear of love  
And thus I can not hate  
I merely wished to be your dove  
So I do not deserve this fate.

Sunday 26.02.95

### **On an E**

Happiness! Happiness!  
Glorious happiness!  
Divine happiness!  
Paranormal happiness!  
Building to an explosive climax.  
Chew! Chew!  
Move! Move!  
Dance! Dance!  
Water! Water!  
Exercise those fabulous feelings

Next morning  
Sore jaw  
Stiff muscles  
Heavy legs  
Happiness has knocked me out!

Tuesday, 4th April, 1995

### **Loneliness**

My previous insanities  
No matter how severe  
Always brought comfort  
My wildest thoughts  
Eased my headaches

Now my head aches again  
My stomach is cramped again  
But thoughts are unknown  
They are now non-existent

And I am all alone

I am friendless  
I am comfortless  
I have no security blanket  
I can't find comfort  
In me, my last resort

I am too nervous,  
Too fearfully frightened  
To let on courage.  
To let on indifference.  
I am a feeling being!

I feel everything  
In every situation  
With incredulous intensity  
Now, all I feel is...  
LONELINESS!

Sunday, 26.02.95

### **The Quest**

I selfishly search for love's holy grail  
Only to mistake it for my own chalice  
I hide well behind this ornate mask  
Unable to distinguish my self from it

I ward off perfect lovers with a whip  
Not recognising another's true compatibility  
As my heart and mind are miles apart  
And so I move about with apparent agility

One time, love ran up behind me  
And hit it's true magic across my face  
But it quickly turned away and fled  
Leaving me far behind hopelessly out of breath

I am terrified since of again meeting such love  
Though I continue to lust it's arrival  
Thus I wear my heart upon my plastic glove  
Knowing no other method of survival

I lead people on, riding them like donkeys  
Holding my tasteless carrot before their noses  
I trust no one and fear everything  
Wandering about cobbled streets in search of roses

I couldn't drink from love's cup if I tried  
Though I offer my own potion around like penny sweets  
Mine is an artificial mixture full of additives  
Yet, I still pray my fraudery may lead to just one authentic treat.

Thursday, 23.02.95

### **Lies**

Cast away that selfish shield  
Held up by poetic lies  
Stop pretending you are incapable  
Of reacting to the truth of feeling  
Your poetry is no facade  
Your inner being is not sealed away  
Your inside is outside  
You know I can see it  
You know that's why you fear  
When you see my falling tears  
Your mind may control your actions  
But your heart rules your inertia  
I do not need to search you  
And never shall I have to  
I know why, when, where and how  
Because what you have shown me  
Commanded by your purposeful transparency  
Can not be covered up with lies.

Thursday, 23.02.95

All apologies  
I can no longer be brave  
I smile  
But my face is cracking  
I understand  
But my heart is collapsing  
I am angry  
But it's only jealousy  
I am lonely  
Though I feel love all around me  
You're killing me  
With your face against hers  
And nothing in between  
An anchored heart  
Is draining my bravado

14.02.95

### **A Cryptic Love**

Love  
Like a crossword  
Puzzle  
Black boxes  
White boxes  
Waiting to be filled  
I see the black  
You see the white.  
Colour in the boxes  
So that we are  
Together  
In the dark  
Together  
In unity  
Together  
In love  
Simply together  
In bliss  
Because this puzzle  
Should not be  
So cryptic.

Monday, 6th February, 1995

### **A Stubborn Love**

He feels love  
I feel love  
It is love

His heart has been broken  
My heart has been broken  
We are broken

He holds onto the past  
I hold onto the past  
It is the past

The past was love  
That love has passed  
It is a memory

He clings to a memory  
He trusts a memory  
A memory is not love

The memory screws him around  
The memory screws love around  
He can not trust love

He feels love  
The same love I feel  
It is okay to love

Love is free  
Love is not a sin  
Love can heal

His love is healing me  
My love is healing him  
It's all too much

My hope has gone  
Though my love lingers on  
To help him along

Hopfully some day  
When love again comes his way  
He won't shy away

He has helped me  
I have helped him  
Love was just too stubborn.

Thursday, 26th January, 1995

### **The Tunnel**

For two months now  
I have been walking  
Down this tunnel  
Sometimes I am upside down  
Somtimes I am right way up  
Sometimes I am just spinning around  
In the dark  
Getting dizzier  
Until nausea makes me cry –  
And then I continue walking  
But my pace is always faster.  
I know you are not with me  
But I feel you beside me  
And the lightning flashes  
You emit  
Are kind substitutes

For the divine light.

19.06.94

### **You and I: The difference**

Tears fall slowly down her face  
One sees anger, fear and love  
She manipulates emotion well  
Unintentionally, she's able to steer

Others bottle emotion in deeply  
So deep, it has to be squeezed out  
Others still need a wrench to remove it  
In the confines of four ugly walls

Tuesday, 24th January 1995

### **Ode to the Clueless Pig**

She shits  
And snorts  
On her chair  
With a jealous sigh  
And without any care –  
She squirms  
And spreads  
Her waste  
All over my face  
Until I can't see,  
Until I'm blinded  
By her selfish crap.  
Oh, she murders me  
Constantly  
But I will not let her  
Anymore  
Die! You clueless pig!  
Die!

27.07.94

Feelings pass with time  
Slowly fading out of mind  
Irregularly, clocks chime  
The song of the old kind



27.07.94

Fresh drums are beating  
The same roaring rhythms  
Stale scents are smelling  
From the bygone holy hymns

The devout devil is kneeling  
Before the heartless hound  
Begging to him, pleading  
To cease that screeching sound

Thoughtless is the animal  
Pityless the little red man  
Together their act is criminal  
Thus they're thrown in the can

The loud noise is still pounding  
In the ears of red and black  
Thier open mouths stop sounding  
But no one wants them back

Friday, 30.12.94

### **A Cold Heart**

My heart is shattered  
I struggle to repair it  
And piece it together  
So I can love you

Fear has overcome me  
I can't even look at you  
Pretence has beaten me  
I can't even glance at your eye

I continue to feel for you  
But I cease to demonstrate my love  
It seems my love has lost its power  
I can no longer steal yours even for a moment

I am out of your reach against my will  
This indirect love is giving me a chill  
Desperately seeking your attention  
But my heart is permanently locked in detention.

Friday, 30.12.94

### **Alone again**

My mother won't talk to me  
We are too alike to stop and converse  
We lie to ourselves and aimlessly rehearse  
This ongoing act of improvisation.  
I feel if we did really talk,  
We would sort so much out  
I don't think we'd crumble like chalk  
Or scream or shout or even pout  
No, I think we would be uplifted  
I also think I'll never be so gifted  
As to understand my inner mother  
Or even find her lost pieces  
To my jigsaw.  
No! Instead, I shall be smothered  
By the untold and hidden crumbs  
That are stolen from our bread of life  
Which even Jesus hasn't touched  
And that's how they will remain  
Until they become staler and more  
Ridden with mould and then rotten  
And then I shall die in my cot.

30.12.94

### **Superglue**

Do you know how stuck I am to you?  
Do you know how much I depend on you?  
How I trace your remnants around the city,  
How I jump at every red Peugeot  
And how I don't even know why?

I hang onto the hope of seeing you  
Even if you are only passing through  
I feel alone and lost and desolate  
Should I not have seen you even once of late

You are nothing special or out of the norm  
But I need you to make me feel warm  
To make me continue in this lost world  
To stop me from eating my own sword

I don't know why I need you so much  
But right now you are my reason for living  
I don't know why my life sucks

But you just make me want to keep trying  
I don't know why I am so glued to you?  
Do you realise the things you make me do?  
I really, really love you.

Sunday 17.07.94

### **The Act**

Holding back the heartache,  
Hiding from the shame,  
Turning into a lunatic,  
Solely playing the game.

Running around in circles,  
Jumping against the breeze,  
Spinning as the wind whirls,  
Stopping short in a daze.

Living in false happiness,  
Fighting with all humanity,  
Losing all the sweetness,  
Crying in the old misery.

Aiming for the peace,  
Missing out on the calm,  
Soaking in the warm juice,  
Singing that same damned psalm.

### **Magic**

Some believe in magic  
For others, it's just not logic.  
Some believe it's part of religion,  
Others believe it's religious treason.

Non-believers follow all that is logical,  
Believers follow all that is natural.  
Logic is so often illogical,  
Magic may be illogical  
But magic is natural.  
Logic is often anti-natural  
Thus, I scorn logic  
And lorn for magic.

## **The Cove**

Shouts, screams, cries of joy  
Elevated by this exciting adventure  
Free at last in this paradise,  
How happy we all are!

Honesty, openness and trusting others  
A deep bond is growing  
Hidden tales are unveiled  
Bonds of friendship strengthen.

Growth continues – well-nourished  
Heightened – almost almighty  
My heart overfills and spills on the floor  
It is soaked up – now licked up.

I wipe up the mess it has made  
But some remains – irretainable  
For others to pick up  
Relieved at being ignorant, UNTIL

Retreating to bedtime's safety  
The covers are semi-permeable  
The attack has begun – invasion  
I huddle up like a petrified puppy.

The hand that reaches out  
Is not cold or unkind  
It is soft, warm and sensual  
I am released – mother is here.

This nest is safe and secure  
I feel cosy, cared for.  
A breeze blows through the bed  
Transferring me back to the outside.

Unintentionally, billowing the breeze  
Till it brews up a storm  
Relentlessly attacking my nerves  
Selfishly blotting my conscience

Time passes regretfully  
My heart falters remorsefully.

Thursday, 26.05.94

### **Absentmindedness**

Short term memory, long term forgetfulness  
Impermanence of feelings, permanence of indifference  
Ugly, I would say – injustice  
Disgusting, I would think – Nausea.

In one eye and out the other  
A momentary emotion – situation  
Like a forgotten romance –  
Then important, now unthinkable.

As independent as I'd like to be,  
I have no option but to learn from others.  
Their example, disgusting to me  
Yet is practical and resolving to all.  
Yes, I am going to train myself,  
I am going to follow, to be led  
Like every other independent being  
Resorted to in their ends before me.  
Great! I'm going to join the mob –  
The fabulous followers of forgetfulness!

Thursday 26th May, 1994

I have learned something after all  
I have learned to live in the present  
To take each hour, each minute,  
Each second as they come and go.  
I have learned that letting go of time  
Is my escape route, my method of living.  
The past must be forgotten,  
The future must not be fiddled with.  
It shall come, it shall go.  
Only I will remain, if I permit myself  
To accept things as they are,  
If I permit everything in life to be normal,  
To be unalterable but not unaidable.  
Mulling, wallowing, wingeing shall be  
Transformed into appreciation and accepting  
Then, I will be happy  
I will be at peace with myself.  
Conversely, I will be at peace with the world.

26.05.94

**Latin – the conqueror of the world is DEAD!**

Delusion, illusion, allusion.  
Repression, oppression, depression.  
Determination, extermination.  
Ovation, elevation, adoration.

Tuesday, 24.05.94

**Kinsale**

The merry-go-round has stopped  
So too has my heart  
The sea is moving  
But it always moves  
It's like the heart within me  
Involuntarily beating, dragging me down.  
I'm the same puppet  
That everyone laughs at  
So much fun, so much gloom  
I hate alcohol, I love alcohol  
I love, I hate – this is my life.  
I can't bear the suffering, the everlasting pain  
I want to die, to feel the same  
I want to be swimming in those chilly waves  
To wake all the love within  
But no – I stay dumb, I stay deaf  
I stay numb, I stay cold.  
Cold, wet and horrible to touch.  
This is me, the shitty being I am.

All day I have waited  
I have waited all week for this day  
The shitless chicken keeps running  
Afraid of the fox, scared of truth  
I wish I could be happy  
I wish I could be one.  
All the evils people speak of,  
All the evils people talk of,  
All the evils people worry about –  
They are all me – I am all evil.

Hate – hate – blotted by love  
Hate always wins – Hate is love  
Love is hate. I hate to love.  
I love to hate, I want to hate.  
I want to be happy whether in love or hate

I want to be there  
I hate this shit  
I want to know me  
Who the fuck am I?

The waves have got to stop  
Why do they constantly move?  
I am all alone  
Ever shall I be alone,  
Alone in depression, in isolation  
I hang onto love, fake love  
There is no love  
I wish for nothing, the unattainable  
The impracticable, the lost sheep.  
Jesus found his lost sheep.  
There is no shepherd now  
I can't stop hating hatred  
I can't stop hating me  
I think too much – well, blow my mind  
I'm fucking sorry. I love to think.  
I hate to think.  
God, grant me serenity, sobriety  
And the wisdom of the foregone ages.  
HELP! Help! Help! Help!

Wednesday, 18th May, 1994

### **Return to the Ocean**

Kitty runs on her four legs in the sand  
The sun is heating her coat of fur  
Her lightfooted paws make prints in the granules  
Gaily, she is chasing her tail.

A melody, sweet and harmonious distracts her  
She looks towards the great blue sea  
Amongst the waves, she spots the sensuous source –  
Luring her, attracting her, magnetising her.

Kitty does not have webbed paws  
And she has not a waterproof coat  
She is glaring into the ocean's jaws  
Wishing she owned some type of boat.

Long golden sand reflect the sun's rays  
A cream complexion, a body of scales  
Kitty stands and waits for days  
The sacred singing outdoes all tales.

The pure, clear water exhilarates her  
Kitty stretches a paw towards perfection  
She wishes for the time to come  
When she can leave her coat behind  
And dive into that rich well  
Without a fear of drowning  
But instead with a knowledge of the safe  
Sanctuary of the sea of truth.

Kitty turns and chases her tail  
Ignoring the fading intensity of the melody.

Friday, 13.05.94

### **The Battle of the Mind**

Fill your head, fill your head  
Open those books, open them.  
Learn, learn, LEARN!

This book will not help me learn  
I've tried. The answers are not there.  
I'm looking, I'm searching!  
Nothing's here – I'm freaking out!

School, college, education  
They can all be postponed  
They are not indispensable –  
But this lesson is now.  
It can not be overlooked.  
I need direction.  
No book serves my purpose  
No person can serve me.  
Education does not heal isolation –  
My mind needs guidance  
Because it's fighting so hard.  
My thoughts are struggling  
For survival of my sanity.  
Work or study does not bring achievement –  
If your mind is let loose, they bring detriment.  
If your mind is caged, they bring fatality.  
I want to be free but yet caged.  
I want to lead but yet follow.  
I want to feel in equilibrium.



Monday, 9th May, 1994

### **Right Now**

Lustful thoughts leak into my mind  
Impurity growing, I search for love.  
I can not differentiate between lust and love,  
Right and wrong, good and bad.  
They're all intermingled in my head.  
They seem to be combusting and bonding together.  
I struggle to separate love from lust,  
Right from wrong, good from bad.  
I need a guardian angel to guide me.  
I need a niche – safe and secure –  
Full of love, beauty and goodness.  
I ask the angel for such guidance.  
I anxiously wait advice.

Friday 13th May, 1994

### **Saturation**

The tap pours water on the sponge  
I wipe my face with the cloth  
Then I squeeze it incessantly  
Till I can feel no more water  
Flowing down my neck,  
Sneaking inside my shirt.  
The cool water is burning me –  
The towel does not ease the burns  
But I keep rubbing myself with it.  
Now, I'm scrubbing the burns –  
They're beginning to bleed  
The blood runs down my body  
I turn on the tap  
It pours water on the sponge...

Wednesday 4th May, 1994

### **The Cat**

The cat sleeps in the fire's warmth.  
The hearth is central to all –  
Rising, she moves towards the couch carefully.  
Loudly purring, she rubs her head against idle shins –  
The first pair kick her away  
The second do not react  
The third hiss down her purrs.

But not I – I love to rub the cat,  
To hear her purrs magnify  
And to feel her chin rubbing hard at my legs.  
I gently pick up her warm body of fur.  
I fondle and caress her lovingly.  
Suddenly, I feel the intensity of disapproval from all.  
Insecure, I feel I have wronged.  
I resign and replace the creature on the carpet  
And watch her curl before the fire's heat once more.

Tuesday, 29th March, 1994

This feeling, this feeling!  
It's driving me mad!  
I can't bear it!  
I can't handle it!  
Get it out!  
I'm sick!

Why can't everything be as it was?  
So, so pleasant; so, so sweet.  
It was a time when the stars brought comfort,  
A time when the trees brought relaxation.  
The rhythm has changed from walking smoothly –  
It is now pulsating, beating viciously  
Throughout my whole system.  
I can't slow it down! It won't stop!  
It's breaking down my stability.  
The hammer's incessantly beating my nerves.

STOP DOING THIS TO ME!

Tuesday, 8th March, 1994

### **Divided Duty**

The stupidity of it all, the absolute meaninglessness  
I am again confused. Who is who? What is what?  
More fucking unanswerable questions  
Does any question have an answer?  
Total dissatisfaction, discontentment. I've had enough.  
No more gloom, no more.  
There is no point in talking, no point in wallowing.  
Get rid of despair. Cast all of those self-piteous thoughts away.  
Yet, when I think of all that's good, it seems so filial.  
The injustice of living has consumed what hope I once had.  
Another day passes. Once more, I pass away.

Sunday 27th March 1994

### **On the Beach**

Melting into the sand among the granules  
So too is my heart melting in my body  
I long for this sunshine to penetrate the  
Bitterly cold wind and turn this sand to life.  
My being longs for all those rays.  
Can the whiteness of my body reflect them also?  
Or will my blackness greedily consume them?

Thursday 17.02.94

### **You Again**

You're driving me crazy  
My rationality is going  
Get rid of this  
I don't need it!  
Am I being tossed around?  
Why do I feel that way?  
I have had enough.  
I've got to know now  
Stop it! Let me think!  
The clatter is blowing my mind!

### **Denise's Poem**

Treading unsurely, searching, touching  
Wandering, waiting, smiling and tiring  
She is there – the blackness, the light  
Hurting, damning, cursing – She cries.  
The tears are black and dangerous to touch.  
Beware my love, she's warping my thoughts.

Friday, 11.02.94

### **An Phoenix**

Which is which?  
What am I supposed to do?  
This rose is a rose, it is blossoming.  
Do I pick the rose so it never blossoms again?  
Or do I prune it and care for it?  
Tell me what to do!

I needed you like the earth needs the sun  
Yet, I can not talk, I can not communicate  
You are my light, she is my light  
Which light am I supposed to follow?  
Help me in this hour of confusion!

My life is torn apart and I love both parts  
Equally, incessantly, absolutely.  
Yet, still I am confused.  
Help me, God. What am I supposed to do?

You are my only hope  
I need love and beauty – everlasting beauty.  
Yet, beauty is impermanent.

19.06.95

### **No More Sardines**

I have one thing to say:  
You did not escape  
There is one thing I know:  
I was right. Go on, deny it!  
I have met the last fish  
Who wriggles free.  
No more cod for me!  
I will catch the greatest trout about.  
You can visit my aquarium  
If you like  
And wriggle in envy.

I

Love

“You”

(whoever ‘you’ are)